

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

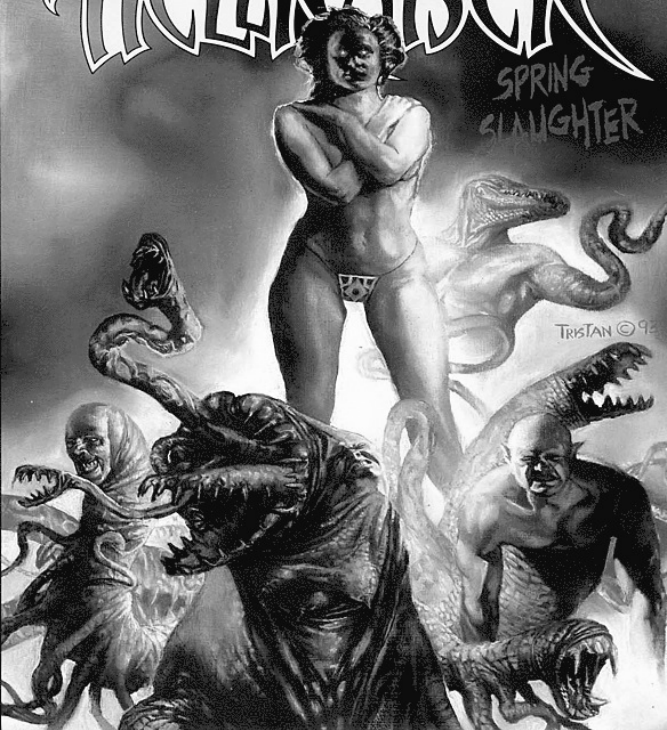
e CLIVE BARKER'S

epic comics
OBI

HELLRAISER

SPRING
SLAUGHTER

TRISTAN © 92



RAZING HELL PARTS I - III

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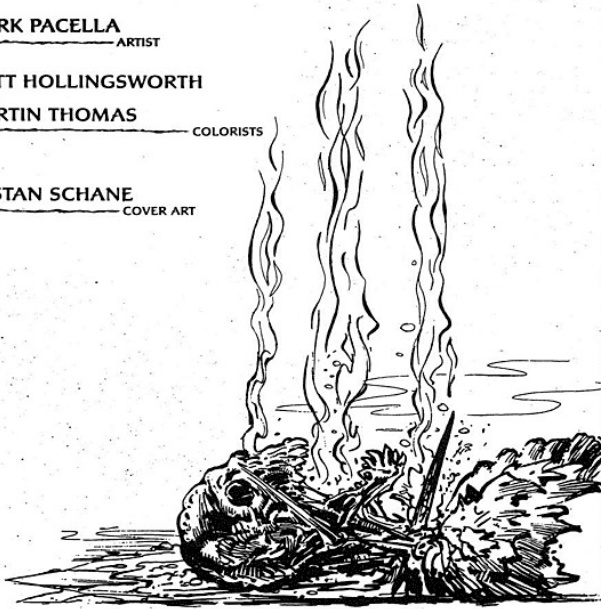
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IT NEVER RESTS, SET TO ITS TASK, TURNING LIKE A MILLSTONE, WET WITH BLOOD, GREASED WITH FAT, CRUSHING FLESH, GRINDING BONE AND GRISTLE.

UNTIL, SOMETHING HAPPENS THAT HAS NEVER HAPPENED

ITS LIGHTS FADE, THEN DIE.

FOR ONE EXCRUCIATING INSTANT, ALL OF HELL HANGS FROZEN, STILL AND SILENT, AS LEVIATHAN SUDDENLY STOPS.



IT BEGINS TO WRITHE...



...TWISTING AND CONTORTING...



AND THEN IT SCREAMS.



THE SOUND IS PIERCING, ICE-HOT, STABBING THROUGH EAR-DRUMS AS THOSE CREATED BY LEVIATHAN FEEL ITS PAIN.

THE SCREAM LASTS ONLY FOR A MOMENT, BUT FOR ONE MAN IT IS LONG ENOUGH.

PUZZLE IN HAND, HE FLEES FOR SOME DARK CORNER, PRAYING HE'LL HAVE TIME.

"I THINK ISAPORE THINK OLD MAN... IT'S SIMPLE, JUST A TOY, A GAME..."

"...HE'LL BE HERE SOON... RELAX, JUST THINK... HURRY, THINK, DAMMIT."

"YES! THAT'S IT!"



THE PAIN HAPPENS
SO QUICKLY.
GOING, BARBS.
PUNCTURING, POP-
PING THROUGH
SKIN.



SLICING RAZOR WIRE, WRAPPING
TIGHT, DRAWING THIN, RED LINES
AROUND HIS WRISTS.



MNAAA-
RRRRGH!

ALL AS FAMILIAR TO
HIM AS BREATHING.

TEARS STREAM DOWN HIS FACE AS FINGERS,
GROWN NUMB AS DEADWOOD, DESPERATELY
PRESS AND SQUEEZE AGAINST THE FINAL
PIECE OF THE PUZZLE.



SOMEHOW IT TURNS.





A MAN APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE, COVERED IN BLOOD, CLUTCHING A SMALL BOX AND CLAIMS TO BE SOMEONE WHO DIED SIXTY YEARS AGO.

THERE WAS JUST ENOUGH MEDIA COVERAGE TO ATTRACT THOSE WHO WOULD UNDERSTAND.

CERTAINLY, DOCTOR THESE THINGS HAPPEN. THAT'LL BE FINE. GOODBYE.



THAT WAS DOCTOR PLYERS, HE CAN'T MAKE IT UNTIL THE END OF THE WEEK--

LISTEN TO ME, NURSE BRATCHETT, I CAN'T WAIT--

YOU LISTEN MR. LEE! THE PATIENT--

HIS NAME IS KLAUSKI, ISADORE KLAUSKI!



THAT'S RIDICULOUS! IF HE WERE ISADORE KLAUSKI, HE'D BE OVER 160 YEARS OLD!

I REPEAT, HE HAS NOT BEEN IDENTIFIED AND REGARDLESS, HE CANNOT BE RELEASED UNTIL HE HAS BEEN PROPERLY EXAMINED. BUT IF IT WERE UP TO ME, ANYONE WHO WOULD PULL A STUNT LIKE HE DID SHOULD BE KEPT HERE FOR GOOD!





HE LISTENS TO IT. THE SCREAM, STILL RINGING, BUZZING LIKE A WASP TRAPPED INSIDE HIS EAR. IT MAKES HIM SMILE. BUT THEN THE DOUBT RETURNS, WORKING THROUGH HIS MIND.

DID I TURN THAT PIECE?
DID I...? DID I ESCAPE?

DO NOTHING, ISADORE. EXCEPT DIE.

SUDDENLY A CHILL. A FINGER OF ICE SLIDES ALONG HIS SPINE.

OUTSIDE HIS POOR, HE FEELS THE EYES. THE STARE OF ITS GOD-LIKE GLOVED HANDS, TOUCHING HIM, MOVING OVER HIM. HE CANNOT BREATHE.



THE HOOK AND CABLE SEAR THROUGH THE MEAT ON HIS CALF, EMBEDDING IN THE FLOOR.

HELP!

HEELLPP! SOMEONE!

PLEASE! HELP!

BOOM
BOOM





SOUND TIGHT BY THE JACKET STRAPS, HE WRESTLES, TWISTS AND FIGHTS TO HIS KNEES AS HIS MIND SEIZES AN IMAGE FROM HIS PAST, AN OLD BOOK GUMMED IN HELL, PAINTED BRIGHT WITH A SIGIL ON A BLOODED PAGE.

HE BITES DOWN, CHEWING THROUGH TONGUE UNTIL HIS TEETH CLICK TOGETHER AND HIS MOUTH FILLS WITH BLOOD, SALTY AND WARM.



AND HE BEGINS TO PAINT--

A SYMBOL, A TALISMAN, A TEMPORARY RE-PIEVE.



MACK--MACK, WAIT.

WHAT--CHRIST, MARSH, I ONLY GOT A MINUTE. I SHOULD BE ON DUTY.

I KNOW, BUT I JUST GOT THIS WEIRD FEELING THAT I SHOULD CHECK ON THE NEW PATIENT.

COME ON, MARSH, LOOK--I EVEN GOT THE RIBBED ONES.

MACK--I'M SERIOUS.

FINE, LET'S GO



OH-MY-GOD!



MACK, CALL THE POLICE.



DON'T... EVEN... BLINK.

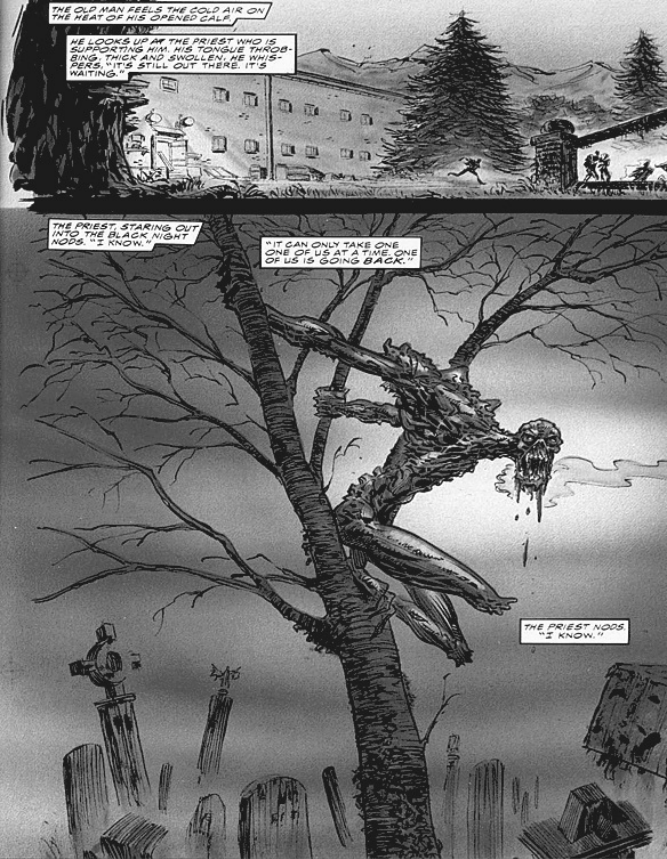
THE OLD MAN FEELS THE COLD AIR ON
THE HEAT OF HIS OPENED GALE.

HE LOOKS UP AT THE PRIEST WHO IS
SUPPORTING HIM. HIS TONGUE THROB-
BING, THICK AND SWOLLEN, HE WHIS-
PERS, "IT'S STILL OUT THERE. IT'S
WAITING."

THE PRIEST, STARING OUT
INTO THE BLACK NIGHT
NODS. "I KNOW."

"IT CAN ONLY TAKE ONE
ONE OF US AT A TIME. ONE
OF US IS GOING BACK."

THE PRIEST NODS.
"I KNOW."



LIKE GHOSTS, FLASHING IN AND OUT OF SIGHT, THEY WEAVE BETWEEN CROSSES OF GRANITE AND TABLETS OF MARBLE.

HERE, THEY ALL THINK OF DEATH, OF DROPPING TO THEIR KNEES AND CLAWING OPEN THEIR WRISTS OR STUFFING A GUN BARREL INTO THEIR MOUTHS.

WHY HADN'T THEY DONE IT ALREADY? WHY WEREN'T THEY BURIED DEEP, ROTTING BENEATH, SOME CARVED STONES?

THEY WERE LIVING ON STOLEN TIME.



IT COULDN'T LAST FOREVER.

AHH-NOOOOOO!



CHING!

PFCTZZZZT

WAAAIT! PLEASE--HELP ME!
GARCIA, MAN--PLEASE--I'M
BEGGING YOU--KILL ME!

KILL ME! PLEASE!
PLEASE--DO IT--
DAMN YOU--
BASTARDS--

THEY'LL GET
YOU--GET YOU
TOO!



THEY FLEE MORE QUICKLY NOW, FACES OF STONE AND SORROW MASKING THEIR RELIEF AS THE HUNTER TAKES HOLD OF THE MAN.

TRYING NOT TO HEAR THE SHARP CRACK AND SNAP AS FLAILING LIMBS ARE MADE STILL; THEY DO NOT THINK THAT IT COULD BE THEM ONLY THAT THE HUNTER WITH PREY WOULD RETURN TO HELL...

RIP
MARC MELAURIN
1870 - 1921

...AND THEY WERE STILL ALIVE.

THIRTY MILES NORTH, A SPARE KEY IS STILL HIDDEN AFTER FIFTY-FIVE YEARS BENEATH THE SECOND FLAGSTONE.

HERE IT IS, THE ONE ON YOUR CELL WALL.

THIS SPELL-- IT'S IN SANSKRIT, ISN'T IT? MAYBE WE CAN--

WHAT IS IT THAT YOU WANT FROM ME?

WHAT DO WE WANT? IN 1870 YOU WERE ONE OF THE WORLD'S RENOWNED OCCULTISTS. IN 1891, YOU DISAPPEARED. THEN, IN 1923, YOU APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE AND WRITE A MASTERPIECE CALLED "OF HELL: THE STRUCTURE AND ORDER OF EVIL." SOME KIDS IN THE 60S BUILT A GUILT AROUND THAT BOOK. I WAS SEARCHING FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, WHEN I FOUND THE PUZZLE THAT WOULD SHOW ME.

WHEN I ESCAPED, I WAS PARALYZED BY MY OWN GUILT AND THE FEAR THAT GOD HAD FORSAKEN ME. BUT I FOUND YOUR BOOK AND I BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND, TO SEPARATE IT FROM MY FAITH--

I CANNOT HELP YOU. SOMETHING IS HAPPENING IN HELL. LEVIATHAN IS PREPARING FOR SOMETHING. YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND-- I TRY AND TRY BUT I SIMPLY CAN'T REMEMBER.

WHAT WE WANT, WHAT WE NEED, IS YOUR HELP.



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

THE CONFIGURATION THAT I USED TO ESCAPE -- I CANNOT REMEMBER ACTUALLY SOLVING IT.

IF YOU DIDN'T, HOW COULD YOU BE HERE?

YOU SAID THAT I FIRST ESCAPED IN 1933. IN TRUTH, LEVIATHAN ALLOWED ME TO ESCAPE.

IT KNEW, YOU SEE, THAT I WOULD WRITE SUCH A BOOK. IT WANTED... EXPOSURE, BUT IN AN ORDERED WAY. THEN, IT ARRANGED MY RETURN.

FOR FIFTY YEARS I'VE HAD TO LISTEN TO THE SCREAMS OF THOSE I DAMNED. HOW CAN I BE SURE THAT I'VE ESCAPED THIS TIME, THAT I AM NOT SOME PIECE OF A NEW DESIGN?



YOU SAID LEVIATHAN STOPPED AND SCREAMED AS THOUGH IT WERE IN PAIN. IN YOUR BOOK YOU WROTE THAT THE PUZZLES WERE ACTUALLY PARTS OF LEVIATHAN.

THE DAY THAT YOU ESCAPED, I DESTROYED ONE OF THE PUZZLES.

YOU THINK--

I CHECKED WITH THE HOSPITAL. YOU APPEARED AT 5:13. ABOUT TWO MINUTES AFTER I SPLIT THE PUZZLE AND IT BURST INTO FLAMES.



MY GOD, CHILD, IF IT'S TRUE... THEN I OWE YOU MORE THAN EXCUSES.



WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE, GARCIA. OPEN THAT TIN CABINET. THERE SHOULD BE A SAW INSIDE.



THE HUNTER'S ARMOR IS MADE OF LEVIATHAN AND ONLY THOSE THINGS THAT ARE ALSO "OF LEVIATHAN" WILL PENETRATE IT.

FATHER GARCIA, LISTEN TO ME; THIS MUST BE DONE. MY LEG IS RUINED.

I WANT YOU TO CUT IT OFF.



DO IT, FATHER--
DO IT QUICKLY!

HE FEELS THE JAGGED
BLADE AGAINST HIS SHIN.
IN HELL, PAIN IS LIFE. WHY
DOES THIS FEEL SO DIFF-
ERENT... SO REAL?

AAHHH-
RRGGG!

THE SAW IS SHOVED FOR-
WARD AND JERKED BACK,
FORWARD AND BACK.

WHEN IT IS DONE, HE TELLS THE
PRIEST TO CLEAN THE BONE.

LEVIATHAN... ITS EVIL
IS PHYSICAL LIKE THE
COLD... IT GOES DEEP...
CHANGES US, STAINS
US... WE BECOME A
PART OF IT.



MADRE.

"THERE IS A
GRINDER...
SHARPEN
A POINT."



IT MAKES A TERRIBLE SOUND,
VIOLENCE AND PAIN SPITTING FROM
THE WHEEL LIKE SPARKS.

IT IS A SOUND
THEY ALL KNOW.

CRASH!

DEAR LORD--
THEY'VE FOUND US!

HELP ME INTO
THE CHAIR.

I'LL TAKE
A LOOK.

THERE IS
ANOTHER EXIT.
AN OLD COAL
POOR.



ORNO--



THE SMELL OF MEAT,
FRESH AND WARM,
LURES IT DOWN THE
STAIRS TO THE OLD
WASH BASIN.

MOUTH AND NOSE
STUFFED AND
SWEARED WITH
SNACK, IT DOES
NOT SMELL THE
MAN MOVING
SILENTLY, SKILL-
FULLY TOWARD IT.



VUGAARRRG!



AAAHHHEEEEE

...HALLOWED BE
THY NAME--

PLEASE, SISTER,
YOU'RE MAKING ME
REALLY NERVOUS.



HURRY,
LEE.

WON'T OPEN...
UGH...THEY'RE
STUCK...



--THY WILL BE
DONE--OH, MOVE
OVER, LET ME--



KAARAK!

AAHHHH!

HELP!

GARCIA--
HE MUSTN'T
TAKE LEE!

NO ONE
IS GOING
ANYWHERE!

ERRAAAH!
HOW DOES IT
FEEL?!

LOOK
OUT!

ITS OTHER FIST SMASHES THROUGH
WOOD, GROPING WILDLY FOR THE
AGONY LODGED IN ITS ARM.

NO--
DAMNIT!

IIIIAA--
AHHHH!

THE OLD MAN HEARS
ITS SCREAM AND IT
MAKES HIM SMILE.

IT HAS BEGUN.

THEY RUSH THROUGH THE DARK PAS-
SAGE THROUGH STEAMING PUDDLES
OF DISSOLVING FLESH THAT FILL THE
ROOM WITH THE SMELL OF PORK
AND SULFUR.



WE'LL HAVE TO CARRY IZZY!

NO, THERE'S NO TIME, GARCIA, GIVE ME YOUR GUN.



I'M DONE I HAVE GIVEN YOU WHAT YOU WANTED A MEANS TO FIGHT... TO SURVIVE. NOW, I ASK FOR WHAT I WANT.



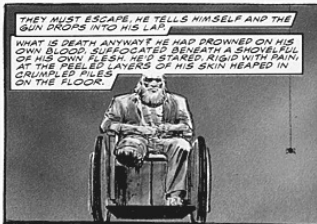
AN EXPLOSION OF SPLINTERING WOOD SHATTERS THEIR SILENCE.

"GO, LEAVE ME. YOU MUST ESCAPE..."



GOODBYE, FATHER.

I PRAY YOU FIND PEACE, ISAPORE KLAUSKI. GOODBYE AND THANK YOU.



THEY MUST ESCAPE. HE TELLS HIMSELF AND THE GUN DROPS INTO HIS LAP.

WHAT IS DEATH ANYWAY? HE HAD DROWNED ON HIS OWN BLOOD, LURID ENERGY, NO SOUL, CLIMBING OF HIS OWN FLESH. HE'D STARED, RIGID WITH PAIN, AT THE PEELED LAYERS OF HIS SKIN HEAPED IN CRUMPLED PILES ON THE FLOOR.

AND EVERY TIME HE DIED, THERE WAS NOTHING, NO RELEASE OF MYSTIC ENERGY, NO SOUL, CLIMBING FOR THE CLOUDS. HE UNDERSTOOD; WE WERE JUST MEAT, BONE AND HAIR. AND DEATH?

DEATH WAS JUST THE END.



NOW THERE WAS
SOMETHING TO
LIVE FOR, BUT FOR
THEM TO FIGHT,
THEY WOULD NEED
TIME TO PREPARE.

HE HAD TO MAKE
SURE THEY WOULD
GET AWAY.



ONE WAY OR
ANOTHER.



HE FEELS THE HOOKS INSIDE
HIM, SNAGGING, TUGGING AT
RIB AND VERTEBRAE AS THE
CHAIR BEGINS TO ROLL.

THAT'S IT. LITTLE CLOSER... YES, YOU
SEE I HAVE A GUN... BUT YOU ARE
NOT AFRAID...

REE REE REE REE



...DO YOU NOT SEE MY
LEG... THAT I WILL GIVE
ANYTHING TO SEE YOU...

KLICK



DIE!

DIEEE!



THE ANCIENT WALLED
CITY OF TOLEDO, SPAIN.



OH NO
NO OH
SEÑOR
MIO



THEY HAD BEEN
HUNTING THE GYPSY
FOR WEEKS.

DESPERATE.
THE PREY
HAD BOLTED



¡OH
SEÑOR
MIO!

USUALLY, THAT
MEANT THE END.

AYUDME
SEÑOR MIO,
AYUDME POR
FAVOR, SEÑOR
MIO.



THEIR WEAPONS FIRE ARROWS AND BULLETS
CARVED FROM LEVIATHAN--BITS AND BROKEN
SHARDS OF THE DARK GOD'S ESSENCE.

WHERE IS IT?



¡POR FAVOR, YO SE
NADA! ¡DÍOS MIO, TEN
PIEDAD! ¡SOLO SOY
MUJER ANCIANA!

SHE SAYS SHE'S JUST
AN OLD WOMAN.

RAZING HELL PART II NO ONE EVER DIES IN HELL

BULLSHIT!



AYYY!









... THAT
WE DON'T
QUIT!

BOOM!
BOOM!
BOOM!

SSKKRRAGHH!



THERE IS NO HOPE IN HELL. THERE IS NO LOVE. ONLY PAIN.

THOSE WHO MANAGE TO ESCAPE; TO FIND THEIR WAY OUT OF THAT EMPTY PIT, OFTEN DISCOVER THAT THE MEATHOOKS, THE RAZORS, THE DARKNESS OF LEVIATHAN'S WORLD HAS DESTROYED MORE THAN JUST THEIR FLESH.



THEY SAY SCARS SHOW US THE MAP OF OUR LIVES. MARKERS OF WHERE WE'VE BEEN.



NOT MANY PEOPLE WOULD WANT TO FOLLOW THIS MAP.

I WOULD.

WHY?

DON'T YOU THINK IT'S STRANGE THAT WE NEVER TALK ABOUT IT? ABOUT OUR LIVES BEFORE? ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED...

I KILLED MY FIRST MAN WHEN I WAS FOURTEEN; A GENERAL. HE CAME TO THE TOWN WHERE I LIVED. HE DID NOT LEAVE.

WHY?

HE WAS LEADING HIS ARMY AGAINST HIS OWN PEOPLE. I HAD LOST SIX BROTHERS TO THAT WAR. I WAS FULL OF HATE. I HAD A GUN.



"I SPENT SIX YEARS ON THE RUN. HIDING. KILLING. BUT EVENTUALLY... I BELIEVE THAT THE PRISON ITSELF WAS THE PUZZLE'S GUARDIAN AND IT SIMPLY PASSED FROM ONE DAMNED SOUL TO THE NEXT."

WHAT ABOUT YOUR PRIEST COLLAR?

WHEN I FIRST ESCAPED, I WAS AFRAID... I NEEDED SOMETHING... SOMETHING TO TELL ME THAT THINGS WERE NOT LIKE THAT FIRST NIGHT.

"THE CENOBITE PEELED OFF THE FLESH ON MY LEGS WITH HIS FINGERS. TORE IT OFF IN CHUNKS LIKE AN ORANGE RIND. WHEN HE LEFT, I KEPT THINKING, 'OH GOD, I'M GOING TO BLEED TO DEATH.' ALL NIGHT I SPENT TRYING TO BANDAGE MY LEGS."

DO YOU SEE HOW INSANE-- HOW LUDICROUS THAT WAS?!

NO! IT'S NOT LIKE THAT, GARCIA.

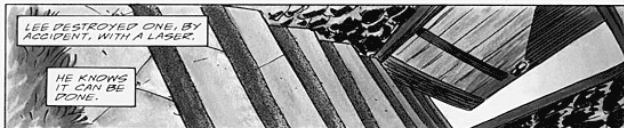
YOU KNOW IT'S DIFFERENT NOW...

...YOU KNOW IT BECAUSE YOU'RE NOT ALONE ANYMORE.



THEIR PLAN IS A SIMPLE ONE.

TO HUNT THE GUARDIANS, TO STEAL THE PUZZLES, THE KEYS TO HELL, AND TO DESTROY THEM.



LEE DESTROYED ONE, BY ACCIDENT, WITH A LASER.

HE KNOWS IT CAN BE DONE.



HE WORKS ALL DAY, OFTEN INTO THE NIGHT.

HE KNOWS HE IS CLOSE.



BEFORE THE TOLEDO TRIP, HELEN AND GARCIA WOULD BE WAITING FOR HIM WHEN HE CAME UP FROM THE CELLAR.



THEY WOULD ASK ABOUT HIS PROGRESS. TOGETHER THEY WOULD TALK ABOUT THE PLAN, ABOUT OTHER PUZZLES, OR NEW WEAPONS.

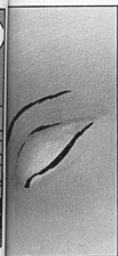
Lee--
Garcia and I went for a walk. Fresh coffee. Back soon. Helen



BUT NOW, THINGS WERE DIFFERENT.







WELL,
HELLO.

OH NO!
IT'S OKAY.
YOU'RE
SAFE.

HERE, THESE
MIGHT HELP. THEY
WERE BROKEN. I
FIXED THEM
FOR YOU.



THANK YOU... HOW LONG
HAVE I BEEN...

THREE DAYS. IT
HAPPENED TO ALL OF US.
I CALL IT HELL-LAG. YOU'LL
START TO FEEL MUCH
BETTER NOW. APPETITE
WILL COME BACK --

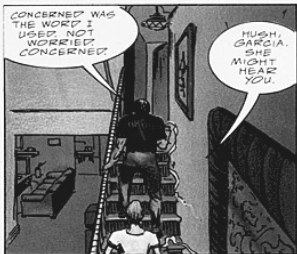
PLEASE,
DON'T EVEN
MENTION
FOOD!

TRUST
ME. AFTER
A WHILE
EVEN THE
DREAMS
WILL GO
AWAY.



CONCERNED WAS
THE WORD I
USED. NOT
WORRIED.
CONCERNED.

HUSH,
GARCIA.
SHE
MIGHT
HEAR
YOU.



HERE THEY ARE. RACHEL,
I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET
HELEN AND GARCIA. SHE'S
THE SISTER, HE'S THE
FATHER, AND BY MOST
ACCOUNTS, I'M THE
MUTHER. YEAH, WE'RE
ONE BIG HAPPY
FAMILY.





YESTERDAY, I OPENED THE CABINET AND THE SMALL PUZZLE, THE ONE FROM TOLEDO, WAS GONE.





Nooooo







THEY TEAR, ANIMAL WILD, THROUGH THE WOODS, THE SLASHING WHIP OF BRANCHES DRIVING THEM HARDER, FASTER.

BEHIND THEM, THEY HEAR THE SHRIEK'S, THE MAD HOWLS AND THE POUNDING FEET OF THE HOUNDS OF HELL.



WHEN THE CHURCH, HELEN-- IT'LL BE OVER SOON.



GOD, I KNOW
YOU WILL FORGIVE THIS
MAN. WHAT HE IS ABOUT
TO DO, HE DOES OUT
OF LOVE.

YOU
BETTER
WAIT FOR
ME.

I WILL.
I LOVE
YOU,
GARCIA.

I LOVE
YOU,
HELEN.

THEY KISS. ONE
FINAL TIME.

HE HOLDS HER TIGHT
AGAINST HIM AS THE
KNIFE SLIDES INTO
HER HEART.

THEN, HE LAYS HER BACK,
GENTLY, BRUSHING THE
HAIR SOFTLY BEFORE
TURNING THE KNIFE
TOWARDS HIMSELF.

IN THE PERFECT STILLNESS
OF THE CHURCH THEY LAY,
STILL AND CALM, THEIR
BLOOD DRAINING AND
FOOLING TOGETHER.

AND THEN...

AAHHHHH!





HELEN!



NOOO!
GARCIA!
DON'T
LEAVE
ME!

DON'T
LET GO!
PLEASE!
HOLD ME!



RRRRRR!



ARGHHH!

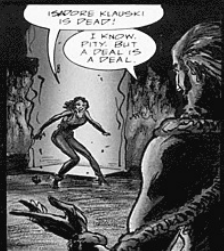


I'LL
FIND
YOU!



HEY, WHAT'S THIS? GET OUT
OF MY WAY! WE HAD A DEAL!

OUR DEAL INCLUDED
ALL FOUR OF THEM.



ISADORE KLAUSKI
IS DEAD!

I KNOW.
PITY, BUT
A DEAL IS
A DEAL.



AAHHHH!

EPILOGUE



END PART II



IN "OF HELL", ISADORE KLAUSKI WROTE, "HUMAN LOVE CAN STILL BE FOUND IN THIS MOST INHUMAN DOMAIN."

"IT CAN BE FOUND AMONG THE CHAINS AND HOOKS, THE HANGING RACKS OF RAZORS AND DOUBLE-EDGED KNIVES; ANOTHER IMPLEMENT USED TO DESTROY, TO BLEED AND BUTCHER THE SOUL."

THE RAZING HELL PART III PENITENT

SINCE HIS SECOND ESCAPE, LEE HAS READ "OF HELL" AGAIN AND AGAIN, COMMITTING MUCH OF IT TO MEMORY.

HE HAS DEVELOPED A KINSHIP WITH ISADORE.

NOW WHEN HE THINKS BACK TO THAT DARK CELLAR AND HE HEARS THE GRATE OF THAT SAW AGAINST THE OLD MAN'S SHIN BONE...

LEE UNDERSTANDS.

LEE TRIES NOT TO THINK ABOUT HELEN AND GARCIA. ABOUT THE WAYS IN WHICH THEY ARE BEING DESTROYED. BUT IN TRUTH HE CAN THINK OF LITTLE ELSE.

HE IS HAUNTED BY THEIR PAIN.

HE WONDERES IF HE FINDS THEM AND FREES THEM, IF THAT WILL BE ENOUGH.

WILL THEY FORGIVE HIM.



EACH BULLET SHELL IS COVERED
WITH A PASTE MADE FROM GROUND,
BLACK KNUCKLE BONE.

WHETHER OR NOT THE BULLETS
WILL WORK IN HELL IS ONE OF
THE LEAST OF HIS CONCERNS.

BECAUSE FIRST,
HE'S GOT TO
GET THERE.

IN THE PIT OF HIS
STOMACH HE KNOWS
HE CAN NEVER
SOLVE IT.

ONLY DESIRE
CAN SOLVE
THE PUZZLE.

NOT.
GUILT.

EVERY NIGHT HE HAS
WORKED IT UNTIL HIS
HANDS ARE RAW AND
CRAMPED. STILL NO
CLOSER TO SOLVING IT.

HARRUSH.

THAT IS WHY HE
NEEDS LEWIS.
TOMORROW
NIGHT, HE WILL
BRING LEWIS
HERE.

THROUGH THE HAZE OF
WHISKY THAT NUMBS
HIS MIND HE THINKS
ABOUT RACHEL, AND
LEWIS, AND ITZY, AND
HELEN, AND GARCIA,
AND HIMSELF.

SOMEHOW
THEY ALL
FIT TO-
GETHER.

FLUWWUSH!

IN THE WATER AND VOMIT
SPIRALING DOWN THE BOWL,
HE SEES A SCREAMING FACE.

AS HE FALLS ASLEEP
AGAINST THE COLD
PORCELAIN, HE WONDERS
WHOSE FACE IT WAS.

AN "ALTERNATIVE CLUB" CALLED
"THE SCENE" FOR LEATHER-
WEARING GAY MEN, HEAVILY
INTO SEX.

LEE MET LEWIS HERE
TWO WEEKS AGO.

HE FOUND HIM IN THE
MEN'S BATHROOM,
HANDCUFFED TO ONE
OF THE URINALS.

HE WAS
PERFECT.

HELLO, LEWIS.
I JUST SPOKE WITH
VICTOR. I ASKED HIM
IF I COULD TAKE YOU
HOME, IF IT WOULD BE
ALL RIGHT IF WE
PLAYED A
GAME.

WHAT
KIND OF
GAME,
LEE?

PUT THIS
ON AND YOU'LL
FIND OUT.



THERE.
THAT SHOULD
HOLD YOU.



ONE
MORE THING
AND WE ARE
READY TO
PLAY.

I DON'T
THINK I LIKE
THIS, LEE.



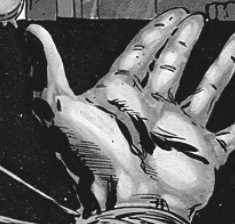
THIS IS HOW WE
PLAY. IN YOUR HANDS I'M
GOING TO PLACE A PUZZLE
BOX. I WANT YOU TO
SOLVE IT.

AS SOON AS YOU
SOLVE IT, I WANT YOU
TO TURN IT BACK AS
FAST AS YOU CAN. I
WILL THEN LEAVE THE
ROOM FOR ONE
HOUR.

AT THE
END OF THE
HOUR, AN ALARM
CLOCK WILL GO OFF
AND YOU WILL AGAIN
SOLVE THE PUZZLE. AND
AGAIN TURN IT BACK.
I KNOW THIS SOUNDS
STRANGE BUT IT IS
MY GAME AND IF
YOU DO NOT
OBEY...



— I WILL
HURT YOU. DO
YOU UNDER-
STAND?



NOW, TAKE
HOLD OF THIS
AND WHATEVER
HAPPENS, DON'T
LET GO.

BUT LEE,
I'M TERRIBLE AT
PUZZLES. WHAT IF
I CAN'T
SOLVE IT?

HOW DO YOU
KNOW? I CAN'T
SEE IT OR
ANYTHING.

IT'S
GETTING
WARM,
LEE.

LEE!
WHAT'S
HAPPENING...

YOU CAN
SOLVE
THIS ONE.

YOU DON'T
SOLVE THIS PUZZLE
WITH YOUR MIND. FEEL
IT. RUN YOUR FINGERS
ALONG ITS EDGES.
THAT'S IT.
SOFTLY.

LISTEN TO ME,
LEWIS. HOW DOES IT FEEL
TO BE STRAPPED IN THAT CHAIR?
I COULD DO WHATEVER I WANTED
TO YOU. HOW DOES THAT
MAKE YOU FEEL?

YES,
THAT'S IT.

NOW!
TURN IT BACK,
LEWIS!

KA-BLAM!

KA-BLAM!

NOW!

LEE?



I'M BACK,
LEVIATHAN...
DID YOU
MISS ME?

SORRY,
I CAN'T
STAY
LONG.

FIFTY-EIGHT
MINUTES.
FOUR SHELLS.

COME ON,
BOY. THIS OLD
NUN'S HABIT OF HELEN'S
IS OLD, BUT YOU CAN
PICK UP THE SCENT.
YOU CAN DO IT.

ARE YOU WATCHING,
LEVIATHAN? THIS
IS THE BEGINNING
OF THE END.

HELEN
GARCIA.

I'M
COMING.

FOR AN INSTANT HE
THINKS OF RACHEL.
WILL THEY USE HER
AGAINST HIM?

WILL HE KILL HER? OR LET HER
CONTINUE TO SUFFER HERE?

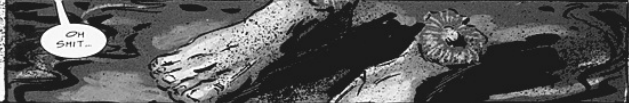
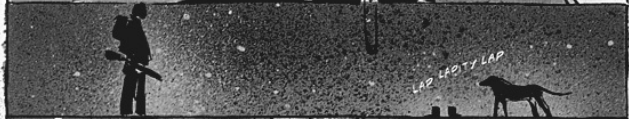
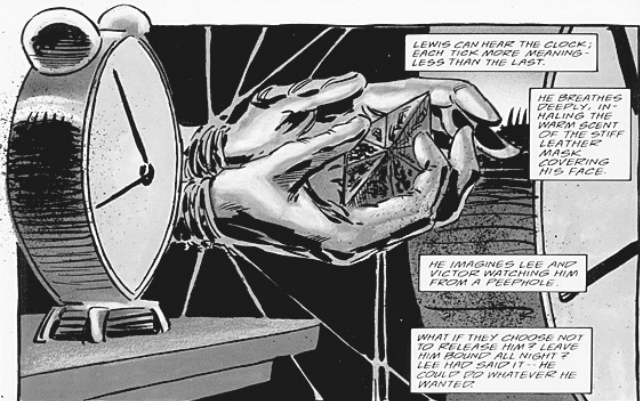
OH
MY
GOD

LEE HEARS THE BONES SNAPPING
FULLY LIKE WET STICKS AND
GELATIN-FILLED ORGANS SQUISH-
ING AND BURSTING BENEATH HIS
FOOTSTEPS.

HELEN.

HE IS SURE THAT
THE HAIR IS
ENOUGH. HE HAS
HEARD STORIES
OF PEOPLE
PULLING THEM-
SELVES FREE
WITH A SINGLE
DROP OF BLOOD.

THIRTY-SIX
MINUTES.





SOON,
YOU'LL BE
IN HELEN'S
ARMS.

I
SWEAR
IT.

HE RACES BACK, WITH THE
REMAINS OF HELEN AND
GARCIA. THE TIME WAS
PERFECT. HE WAS GOING
TO DO IT. IF ONLY HE
COULD MAKE IT BACK TO...

-LEWIS.

LEE ? IS...IS
THAT YOU, LEE ?
LEE! I WAS
BAD.

PUNISH
ME, LEE...
PUNISH ME,
PLEASE...

LEWIS'S HEART POUNDS
IN ANTICIPATION, AS HIS
PIERCED NIPPLE IS
PULLED TAUT.

...AAAAGGHH!!



NOOOOO!
LEWIS!

BRAVO, LEE,
BRAVO. PERFECTLY
ORCHESTRATED. WELL, ALMOST.
AND MY COMPLIMENTS ON THE
CHOICE OF LEWIS. I'M NOT SURE
WHICH OF US ENJOYED IT MORE.
THROUGHOUT THE SESSION HE
KEPT SCREAMING YOUR
NAME. I REALLY THINK
HE LOVED YOU.

BUT,
I...

KILLED ME?
LEE, LEVIATHAN IS
GOD HERE. GOD
YOU ATHEISTS HAVE
SUCH A PROBLEM
WITH THAT.

NOW, AS FOR YOU,
DROP (CHUCKLE!) YOUR
FRIENDS AND YOU ARE FREE TO
GO. SEE, WE KNOW YOU, LEE. WITH
LEWIS ADDED TO YOUR CONSCIENCE,
YOU'LL HAVE TO TRY AGAIN AND WE
ALL KNOW YOU CAN'T SOLVE
THEM ANYMORE. OF COURSE,
IF YOU'D RATHER, YOU'RE
FREE TO STAY...

SEE YOU
SOON.



THEY DON'T THINK I
HAVE THE STRENGTH
TO DO IT. THEY MADE
A MISTAKE.



LEWIS. GARCIA.
MELIN. I'M
SORRY.

THEY DON'T REALIZE
IT'S DESTROYED ME.
MY SOUL HAS BEEN
BLED AND BUTCHERED.

BUT I HAVE
NOTHING LEFT.

KA-BOOM!

WOOF!
WOOF!





GARCIA?

HELEN? IS
THAT YOU?

IT'S SO
DARK.

THIS WAY!
I CAN SEE
LIGHT--



I FEEL HEAT!
I FEEL--



END

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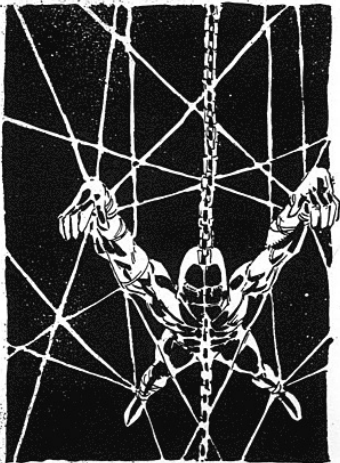
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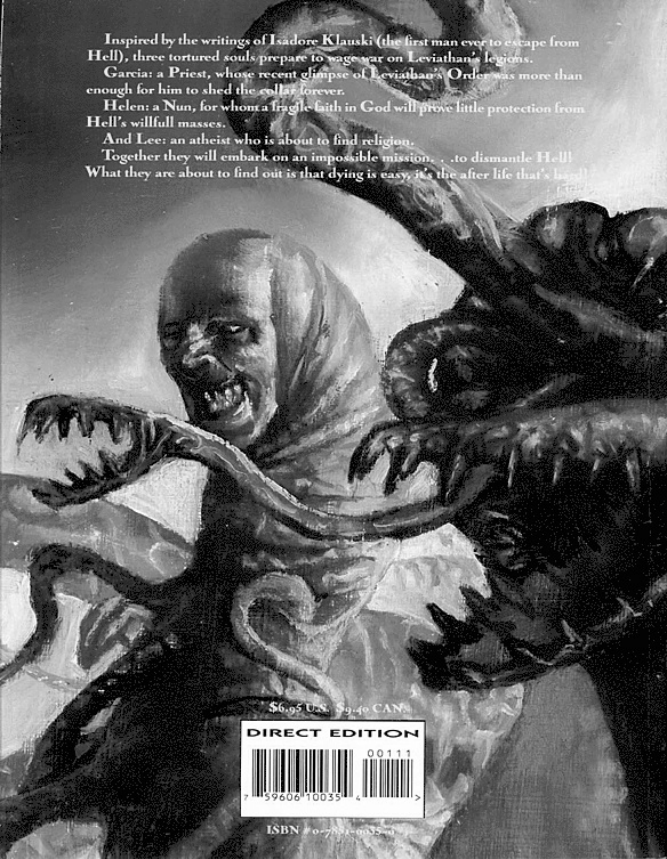
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Garcia: a Priest, whose recent glimpse of Leviathan's Order was more than enough for him to shed the collar forever.

Helen: a Nun, for whom a fragile faith in God will prove little protection from Hell's willfull masses.

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What they are about to find out is that dying is easy, it's the after life that's hard.

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